



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

**ANSWER TO RECALL LAPSES
FROM TRUTH IN SPOTS: IS
HUMANLESS DOCUMENT**

Both by former City Attorney Argyll Campbell and members of the quite large group which was instrumental in setting the wheels in motion for the recall, answers have been made to the official statement of Mayor Everett Smith, Councilman Joseph A. Burge and Councilman Bernard Rowntree.

These answers all appear to THE CYMBAL to be to the point and in almost every instance incontrovertible. We will endeavor to give them in the order of the statements by the council trio to which they give reply:

The initial two statements regarding the official status of the city attorney and the nature of his tenure of office are, of course, correct and need no comment.

The third statement declares that the city attorney "resigned as was his privilege" and "if the telegram was a nullity it could be ignored."

Mr. Campbell did resign, "as was his privilege," but his "privilege" was resorted to by the city attorney only after it was definitely established by the attitude of the council, as manifest in the telegram, that his position as Carmel city attorney was no longer tenable. The statement that the telegram could be ignored if it were a "nullity" borders on the absurd. It is quite impossible for a human being to ignore a statement that his company is not desired. Whether or not such a statement is legal or otherwise can have little effect on his reactions to it.

That Mr. Campbell was given an "opportunity to meet with the council" and discuss its reasons for desiring his removal may be technically true, but as a matter of fact is false.

The council, or some member of it, telephoned Mrs. Campbell at the Campbell home in Carmel, that a special meeting of the council was to be held at the home of Councilman Clara Kellogg on a Tuesday night. Tuesday night is the regular meeting of the city council of Monterey of which Campbell is also city attorney. The council must have known this. It shows an utter lack of general information if "it did not know it."

"He ignored the council," continues the statement in regard to this meeting and the request that he attend.

He did not. He went to the Monterey council meeting and when, shortly after 9 o'clock, he saw that the meeting would continue for some time longer, he telephoned to Miss Kellogg's home and informed whoever answered the telephone that he could not attend because of necessity for his presence elsewhere.

The next statement that "our experience during our service as councilmen convinced us that he was not giving competent service" is belied by the records which show that during the 17 years City Attorney Campbell had represented the city no suit against Carmel has been successful, no ordinance he has framed found to be defective and no opinion he has given the council successfully proven to be other than sound law.

In next week's CYMBAL will be cited several instances where objection has been made to his opinions while the opinions have them.

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CARMEL CYMBAL

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5 CENTS

COUNCIL TRIUMVIRATE SCORNS THOBURN'S BLANKET APOLOGY

CITY'S TAX RATE SET AT \$1.16; UP 5 CENTS

Carmel's city tax rate for 1937 is \$1.16 on the \$100 assessed valuation.

This rate, fixed by the city council Monday night, is 5 cents higher than the 1936 rate of \$1.11.

It is divided as to designation of receipts for municipal government purposes:

Fire Engine bonds, interest and redemption	03
Fire house bonds, interest and redemption	04
Library	19
General Fund	90
Total	1.16

And while this is only a 5 cent increase as far as the taxpayers are concerned, it is a 7-cent increase as far as receipts for municipal use are concerned.

Because the 2-cent tax for sand

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Sunset School Settles Down To Year's Run

Getting back into the routine of everyday classes is a bit different for two of the teachers at Sunset who have not had a classroom of youngsters to face during the past year. Anna Marie Baer has been on leave of absence from Sunset for the past year and Mrs. Helen Poulsen has been practicing home economics on her own two children for quite a few years.

Miss Baer has been in New York at Columbia University (taking art courses, doing some work in the dramatic department, being president of the Fine Arts Club (as she says, because she got so excited at the first meeting) and in charge of a project designed to acquaint non-art students with the art activities of New York. In the latter she arranged for tours of the various art galleries and for lectures, some of which she gave herself. Miss Baer discovered that the work in the Art Department of Sunset School was very much in advance of what they are doing in the East.

Today in the school lunch room, Mrs. Helen Poulsen will lay out soup, tuna patties, tomato salad, sandwiches, ice cream (strawberry, chocolate and vanilla), milk and fruit for about 100 children. One

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Sade's To Move; DeLoe Leases Present Site

Sade's Carmel-Eta Inn is going to move from its present location on Ocean Avenue between Dolores and Lincoln. Where Milt and Sade will go is not certain as yet, but don't get frantic about it, because they have until October 1 to decide.

The building, recently bought by James and Frances Doud, has been leased to Erakine and Mary De Loie and they plan to conduct a restaurant and bar there.

PARK BOARD GETS DUBIOUS HELP AS COUNCIL SETS TAX; FOREST THEATER PLANS DOUBTFUL; NEW POLICEMAN IS THREAT

While the city council raised the tax rate Monday night 5 cents and gathered unto itself another 2 cents, which remains in the rate but ceases to go for sand dune bonds, it is extremely doubtful that there will be any money available this next year for anything special—that is, anything special like an improvement of the Forest Theater property or increased caretaking and a gadget or two desired on the beach.

Beside the fact that the additional tax rate, plus an additional assessed valuation will, actually, give the city little more revenue than this year, the council refused to go definitely on record as tagging any of its income for the use of the park and playground commission, which recently made up and submitted a dandy budget, shipshape and respectably submitted.

All that the park commission can pin any real hopes on getting is \$1325 for a very necessary retaining wall at the new tennis courts in Carmel Woods and toilets there. The retaining wall is considered necessary to protect and retain what improvements have already been made, the drainage there being what it is.

As for the Forest Theater, it was openly agreed by Councilman Clara Kellogg, and tacitly accepted by the other members of the council, that an expenditure of \$2800 to clean up the Forest Theater property and re-build the stage would be a lovely idea, but doing it is something else again. If at the beginning of the year things look bright for the treasury, the plan will go into effect; if they don't, it won't. That's as much of an assurance the council was willing to give. What consolation there is in that the park commission is welcome to.

BEACH PLAN DOUBTFUL

As for the beach, it was agreed, also orally by Miss Kellogg, and silently by the other councilmen, that a full-time caretaker down there would be grand. But there was no definite stipulation that he would be provided. It is possible, however, that the park commission will find itself notified that it may go on with its proposal to erect permanent

receptacles for rubbish on the beach. This won't cost more than \$300, or around that, and the chances for this sum are a bit better than even.

But this receptacle money, and the \$1525 for the tennis courts is very liable to be about all the newly-formed and smoothly-operating park commission stands a chance of getting.

On the other hand, as Allen Griffin insists on saying, Joe Burge, who holds the police portfolio, says, with a dash of that pencil to the table in front of him, we are to have an other member of the police department this coming summer. He told the council, picking up the pencil and casting it down again, that it had better make up its mind to providing a salary for such a policeman for three summer months, anyway.

Then, with a consistency that is several times a jewel, he voted no, with deep and stirring tones, on the ordinance increasing the tax rate.

And the chances are that Burge's "three months" will lengthen themselves out to three years and then to eternity, when it comes to an additional man on the police force. We've had these "temporary" extra men and it's all-fired funny how they crystallize into permanency.

POLICE PRAISED

Which brings us to the point of noting the fact that the police were a subject of some conversation at Monday night's council meeting. Gene Watson arose with a paper of notes in his hand and declared that his research showed that while all other departments of the government had gone down in cost 19 per cent over the past five years, the police department's expenses to the city had gone up 61 per cent. There was a certain justification in Watson's "how come?"

But in his loneliness he stood out like a smashed thumb. Even John Jordan took up some time in throwing roses all over the police department. According to John, if it were not for the fact that we had a chief of police and three uniformed men and Mr. Hefling answering police calls, Carmel would have been pick-

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BURGE SAYS HIS "WE'RE SORRY" NOT SENTIMENT OF 3 OTHERS

Councilman Jim Thoburn can say "we're sorry" until the cows come home, but he'll have to make it an editorial "we" as far as are concerned the three councilmen who are today targets of a recall.

Mayor Everett Smith and Councilmen Bernard Rowntree and Joseph A. Burge do not subscribe to Thoburn's apology as printed last week in the Pine Cone.

Not only do they repudiate his apologetic attitude in their formal statement in answer to the recall charges, published at the same time, but through one of their number they orally deny him the right to make excuses for them.

"We knew Jim was going to write a statement," said Joe Burge, "and we told him it was all right with us. But we did not see it after he had written it or until it was published. We called him on that 'we're sorry' business."

And when Burge uses "we" in this case, he does not mean an editorial "we," he means that he speaks for the other two in the council triumvirate against whom the recall movement has been started.

In his statement Thoburn, while defending acts of the council to which he was a party, many acts which are condemned by the recall proponents, declared that the holding of secret meetings and actions, although considered unofficial, taken at those meetings, were regrettable.

"We have been wrong there," his published statement said. "Any

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WAS IT YOU? NUMBER ONE

(Editor's note—One of these paragraphs will appear each week in THE CYMBAL from now on until we get weary, or you do, or our dollars get too slack.)

Were you the 11 or 12-year-old boy who, about 3:40 Wednesday afternoon went into Slevin's with a shortish man with a grey hat. You wore a blue shirt and blue jeans. In the righthand back pocket of the jeans was a brown-printed picture postcard. You looked into the showcase at knives with abalone shell handles while Dad or Uncle bought something. When you and he went out you turned toward Dolores street, crossed that street and then turned at Stella's down Dolores. When you got in front of Jonesy's barber shop you darted ahead and ran down as far as the Carmel Grocery and then you ran back, meeting Dad (or Uncle) in front of the Linen Shop. Then you ran back to about the Fumador and back again to Dad. When we last saw you you were still doing this—darting back and forth like a delighted fox terrier.

If this was you, bring this paper into THE CYMBAL office and we'll give you a dollar bill.

City To Erect "Stop" Signs To Protect Sunset Pupils on San Carlos Street

Three members of the Sunset School District board of trustees sat in the council chamber Monday night and with gratification heard a motion made by Joseph A. Burge, commissioner of police, that the commissioner of streets be instructed to purchase and erect "arterial" stop signs on San Carlos street at Eighth, Ninth and Tenth streets, in front of the Sunset School. Doubly gratifying was the fact that the motion went through on a unanimous vote.

But the request of the trustees,

as contained in a letter to the council, and by word of mouth from A. G. E. Hanke, chairman of the board, that a uniformed policeman be on hand at the school five times a day—specifically from 8:30 to 9 a.m., 11:50 to 12:05 p.m., 12:40 to 1:02 p.m., 2:45 to 2:55 p.m., and 3:29 to 3:40 p.m.—while given serious consideration by the council, and assured more or less by Commissioner Burge, is going to prove something else again.

Chief of Police Robert Norton rose in this matter and declared in

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selves been proved to be correct. Notable in these is that relative to Rowntree's request for official permission to send the fire department equipment and firemen outside the city limits.

The statement of the three councilmen regarding the cost of the fire house will also be answered in a subsequent issue, Milton Latham, architect of the building, being given an opportunity to state his side of the case.

"Expense of the audit is regrettable," says the statement.

It is exceeding so, we answer. And to date nothing has come of it that might compensate the city for spending more than \$3000 to date on it.

That the cost of the audit is far in excess of what it should have been had the council used business methods in contracting for it, is the opinion of many. The auditor was not hired on a stated basis of pay. He was not conferred with in the matter of a contract for doing the job, as is almost universally done in such matters. He was told the city wanted an audit and given carte blanche to go ahead, and he can keep going ahead until doomsday if he should care to, the city continuing to pay and pay.

As for the councilman's declaration that the "cost of outside legal opinions" was necessary "due to our inability to get the service we thought proper from the former city attorney" it is branded as a bit offside from the truth from recent inquiry as to sums paid to George Ross for "special services." He received \$50 for "special services in May," two months before Argyll Campbell was asked to resign. Both Councilman James Thoburn, whose name does not appear on the payment voucher or the warrant, and Councilman Bernard Rowntree, whose does, declared that the "special services" were for investigation of the audit.

This was in May, mind you. Argyll Campbell, then city attorney, and ignorant of any complaints as to his service from the members of the council, declares that he was asked nothing at that time regarding the audit; did not know, at that time, that any opinion regarding it was desired by the council.

The statement of the three councilmen that Argyll Campbell had, in his telegram from Washington, promised a detailed report which was not received and that therefore the council could not act, is made ridiculous by the fact that the council did not wait for the detailed report before employing other legal assistance. In fact, at the very meeting at which it received the telegram saying "detailed report will follow," it employed such other legal assistance.

As to the statement that the three councilmen have "no knowledge" of any ordinances or resolutions being "haphazardly adopted," THE CYMBAL will have something to say in the next issue.

In answer to the denial that official actions have been taken "at other than public meetings," we submit that employing special counsel is an official action, framing a telegram notifying the legally-appointed city attorney that the office of city attorney was to be abolished is an official action.

As a whole, the "official" statement of the three councilmen in reply to the recall charges is a pitiful statement, containing outright untruths.

But it goes farther than this. It is a slanderous document in one sense and would be actionable if it were not for the fact that "legal" statements of this kind, in the mat-

ter of a recall, protect the signers against suit.

It is slanderous wherein it says: "The opportunity (given Mr. Campbell) to resign was offered to obviate any publicity detrimental to him."

Probably in no case of a profession, unless it be that of a bank official, could a statement such as that tend to be more damaging than in the case of an attorney at law.

Of course, anyone of unprejudiced mind who knows Argyll Campbell, anyone who has had experience with his legal practice, anyone who has had occasion to use his services, knows that such a statement could not with them impair his reputation as a lawyer. But the libel laws use the term "tend" and most certainly this statement would tend to injure his professional reputation, to say nothing of the unhappiness it visits on his family and friends.

Jim Thoburn, in his "minority" statement published last week refers to the proponents of the recall as seeking "to eternally damn three men." This matter of "eternally damning" can, to assault a phrase, be put on another foot. What about Argyll Campbell?

—W. K. B.

CITY'S TAX RATE SET AT \$1.16; UP 5 CENTS

(Continued from Page One)

dune bonds is ended, and will be absent from this year's tax bills. This permits an increase of the general fund tax from 83 cents as of last year to 90 cents this year. And it is the general fund which keeps the horses running as far as the city government is concerned. From the general fund comes all the money for salaries, street work, tree-trimming and general maintenance and improvement of city property.

The assessed valuation this year is \$3,505,540, an increase of about \$86,000 over last year. So, the city will not only get an increased income through the tax rate increase, but will also get a little through the increased assessed valuation which, by the way, is not an increase in assessments, but added property assessments because of property improvements during the past year.

It is figured that the tax rate brings about \$370 in revenue to the city to the one cent of tax, so the general fund tax of 90 cents this year should bring into the coffers of the city in December a total of approximately \$33,600.

The total tax of \$1.16 on a valuation of \$3,505,540, will bring in about \$40,660. The \$7,000-odd difference will go to the interest and redemption of the fire house and fire engine bonds and to the library.

Last year's tax rate of 83 cents for the general fund brought in about \$30,062, a sum larger than normal because of heavy payments by public utilities, payments not expected to such an extent this year because of state reduction on utility assessments. There were also large tax delinquencies paid in.

In other words, the general fund tax this year will bring in little more than was received last year.

On the other hand, the city had a \$16,000 surplus last November. This has dropped to about \$6,000 now. By the end of the year there will still remain some of this surplus, but not enough to write home about.

In recapitulation, it looks as if the municipal government, even with the increased tax rate, will not have much more money to work with than it had last year.

Carmel Red Cross Makes Plans For Next Roll Call

At an interesting monthly meeting of the executive committee of Carmel chapter, American Red Cross, Wednesday afternoon, details of the forthcoming annual November Roll Call were discussed. The chairman was instructed to perfect the organization and proceed to pledge the services of the volunteers for the campaign.

Col. T. B. Taylor, chairman of the ambulance committee, presented a report of operation of the vehicle during the first month of service. He spoke of the enthusiasm of the volunteer group that have charge of operation under the leadership of Captain Fred Mylar. A careful schedule has been worked out by members of the rescue squad and other needed special equipment is being purchased by Red Cross. The upkeep of the ambulance has been assumed by the chapter and a maintenance fund has been established and will be made part of the budget for 1938.

C. W. Lee, chairman of the chapter, told the committee of a recent conference he had with A. L. Schafer, chairman of the Pacific area, in San Francisco. Mr. Schafer was most enthusiastic over the manner in which the people of Carmel had responded with their donations to the Ambulance Fund and stated that Carmel had produced the first mobile highway unit on the Pacific Coast. He placed the responsibility of operation in the hands of the committee and felt that our people had made a real contribution to the cause of humanity through its life saving efforts.

Shortly a first aid instructor will be sent here from headquarters for initial, as well as advanced class work in first aid.

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NOW JINNY HAS JOE LOUIS OR HAILE SELASSIE

Dear Editor:

Monday evening while Joe Louis was battling Tommy Farr (whose manager has one of the finest Cockney accents we have heard in a long time), we had a small black visitor at our house. Going to the door to call Maine, Vermont and John Steinbeck, Jr., our three small cats (you try calling them anything but "kitty") we found that they had picked up a stranger. A small black kitten apparently about the same age as ours but twice as hungry. "Joe Louis" or "Haile Selassie" (we haven't decided which) has a fine tenor voice making a very smart quartet, though a bit on the crooning side. We can't tell how long he will stay with us. We really only want one cat. Could anyone do with three kittens, one all black and two gray striped? They all purr beautifully.

—V. C. S.

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TERRY OGDEN'S PORTRAIT OF BLONDE CHILD WORTH YOUR GAZING UPON

We paused for a minute or two to look at the camera study in Terry Ogden's window in the Seven Arts Court. A little blonde child and her Chinese *amma*. The one light and fair and typically Occidental and the other, with her fine cheekbones brought out by careful and appreciative highlights, a true Oriental type.

We liked the enormous mats that Ogden uses for his photos, too. How many good things are spoiled by poor backgrounds and surroundings!

Library Offering Some Very Good New Books

New books for August at the Carmel Library provide a varied reading list for these chilly nights when one has to hug the fireplace and get one's mind off that draft coming through the third window to the left.

We found on the shelves:

Duffus, "Night Between the Rivers"; Duranty, "One Life, One Kopek"; Beebe, "Queen's Folly"; Murray, "Regency"; Baldwin, "The Heart Has Wings"; Dowdey, "Bugles, Blow No More"; Cunningham, "Ranger Way"; Wodehouse, "Crime Wave at Blandings"; Stringer, "Heather of the High Hand"; Wilkins, "And So—Victoria," second copy; Bailey, "I've Been to London"; Roberts, "Candle in the Sun"; Farrell, "Studs Lonigan"; King, "Crime of Violence"; Palmer, "Puzzle of the Blue Banderilla"; Carr, "Peacock Feather Murders"; Moffat, "The Mott Family in France"; Norris, "You Can't Have Everything"; "The Anatomy of Murder," compilation by the Detection Club; Crane, "Let Me Show You Vermont"; S. de Madarija, "Anarchy or Hierarchy."

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THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS are positively vital little things.

GIRL SCOUT ACTIVITIES TO OPEN NEXT WEEK

At a meeting at the Girl Scout House Monday, the Girl Scout Council decided to open the fall scouting activities the week of September 13. Former scouts are asked to come to the Club House for organization on Thursday or Friday September 16 and 17, whichever week-day they were accustomed to meet last year.

Leaders are very much in demand as the groups are becoming large. Any person interested in taking over a group of Brownies or Scouts is asked to get in touch with Mrs. Talbert Josselyn by calling Carmel 372.

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BOARDING DEPARTMENT

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Kocher Jumps In On City Offices Quarters Game

They'll have to change the city hall quarters game to three-handed whist, or something.

Dr. R. A. Kocher wants in.

At Monday night's meeting of the city council he presented two documents for the consideration of that legislative body. One was a letter in which he offered the second floor of La Giral Building at Seventh and Dolores streets for municipal offices and council chamber at a rental of \$75 a month for five years.

The other was a map showing just what could be done to rearrange the floor to meet the city's requirements.

He stipulated a five-year lease because of the cost of tearing out partitions to accommodate the city family, and replacing them when the city moved out.

The plan calls for a council chamber of sorts across the Dolores frontage of the building and five or six offices down the length of the building paralleling Seventh street.

Members of the council scanned the plans and decided that the council chamber, as outlined by Dr. Kocher, isn't any bigger than the one they are in now.

Anyway, the communication and its accompanying map, were filed to be considered at the next regular meeting.

Ed Ewig, who is in the game, along with Paul Prince of the Carmel Development company. (Prince matching the present quarters, to be altered, against Ewig's first-class offering on the second floor of the post office building) sat in the lobby mute, but interested, while Dr. Kocher's offer was given brief consideration.

Ewig's latest move, dropping his rental to \$60 a month, hasn't yet been met by Prince, but the Development Company will probably make a move by the next council meeting.

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SCHOENBERG TO CONDUCT HIS "PELLEAS" AT BAY

Arnold Schoenberg will conduct his own work, "Pelleas and Melisande," with the Bay Region Federal Symphony Orchestra on Tuesday, September 7, at the Veterans' Auditorium in San Francisco. Sharing in the concert with the renowned composer will be Alois Reiser, conductor, and George McNabb, pianist, a member of the faculty of the Eastman School of Music in Rochester. This will be the first San Francisco presentation of Schoenberg's symphonic poem.

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SPECIAL SERVICE SUNDAY AT ALL SAINTS CHURCH

The Rev. C. J. Hulswé, rector of All Saints Church, will preach a special Labor Day message at the 11 o'clock service this Sunday. At this service a new Processional Cross, the gift of two church members in recognition of their blessings, will be dedicated to use.

The Church school for children of the parish will open at 9:30 Sunday morning. Teachers at the school will present the Christian religion from an intelligent and modern point of view. All children and young people are invited to attend.

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Mrs. Katherine MacFarland Howe left Carmel Tuesday to be with her two daughters in Ensenada. Winifred Howe has been visiting with her sister and family and she and her mother will be home some time next week.

'I Love To Add, But Loathe Multiplying' Is Saidee's Answer To Audit Charge

"I love to add, but I loathe multiplying."

Believe it or not, this is the reply given by Saidee Van Brower, city clerk, to requests from two councilmen Monday night for her answer to the \$3,000 audit of improvement district funds which, apparently, finds her some \$2200 short through errors and omissions.

Unless you were present at the council meeting, it would be impossible for you to get much out of this. In fact, it was impossible for most of those in attendance at the council meeting to get much out of it. The five members of the council themselves were a bit awe-struck at this "multiplying" charge. Then Miss Van Brower amplified:

"The tax roll must be in the hands of the tax collector early in October and I have no one to help me. I must do it alone. I have to multiply the total of taxpayers by \$1.16 and then by 3 and then by 4 and then by 19 and then by 90."

So that was it. The reason why the city clerk cannot make the answer which will bring the audit mystery to some sort of a solution is because between now and the first of October she will be buried in the tax roll. That was easily under-

stood and the council sat silent for a minute or two before going on to other things.

But Councilman Burge was not to be stopped. He twirled his pencil in an irritable way. "Finally he spoke up."

"About this audit again," he said. "When can we expect to get a reply from the city clerk and get the thing cleared up?"

"Well, Mr. Burge, I appeal to the other members of the council, too," said Miss Van Brower. "How can I do it? I have to multiply—"

Burge finally broke in on the multiplying.

"I don't think the city should pay for the multiplying," he said.

"No, it shouldn't," replied Saidee. "I have to do it myself, but—I love to add, but I loathe multiplying."

The council members gazed down into their laps. There was silence for a long time. The audit had jumped up for a brief period—two brief periods—but now it was down again—buried under a mass of multiplication.

The city clerk must have the tax roll ready by "five days before the first Monday in October," so reads the law. Her reply to the charges in the \$3,000 audit apparently must wait until then.

conventionally, to be connected with the mating of man and maid.

When Mrs. Moffett left last March it was taking care of 18 babies, babies that are held for adoption by American and British families. It is modelled after the Evanston, Illinois, cradle which has provided babies for the childless well-to-do, such as movie stars, for instance.

Mrs. Moffett is frantically trying, by letter, cable and radio, to find out about her Cradle. So far no word has come to her about its fate.

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MORLEY BROOKS LISTON ONE OF CARMEL'S VISITORS

Morley Brooks Liston, who wrote under the name of "Dearest Joy" and is now Mme. Ismail Adil Higazi, dropped into Carmel for a few hours over the past week-end. Mme. Higazi lived in Carmel some years ago and left the village to do post-graduate work at the University in Berkeley. There she married Higazi, who was studying bacteriology in the science department at Berkeley, and at the completion of his course the two of them went to Cairo to make their home. Now, with her three-year-old daughter, Lila Nadia, who has Dearest's red-gold hair and her father's dark eyes, Mme. Higazi is spending the summer in Berkeley. She plans to return to Egypt within the month.

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Jane Caldwell of Berkeley and Barbara Berg of San Francisco will visit with the former's sister, Virginia Scardigli, in Pacific Grove over the holiday week-end. Jane is a senior at the University of California.

Beygrau Painting Arouses Interest

The painting in the Carmel Library exhibit niche, just to your right as you go down the stairs into the reading room, has caused more comment than any other painting ever put there, according to Elizabeth Niles, librarian. And so it should to local people because it is a portrait by Alix Beygrau of her husband, Paul Beygrau. It is the human interest that has attracted the comment and questions about the picture. The white-haired man with his kindly, bright brown eyes, his ruddy cheeks and his pipe in hand seems to be some friend you once knew. Perhaps you did know him. Paul Beygrau was a sculptor and a painter and an artisan. He wrote children's stories and shortly before his death a few years ago he put on canvas one of Carmel's favorite traditions, "Pal." Mrs. Beygrau coaxed the dog to the house and talked and played with it while her husband painted him. The picture was raffled off and went to Ernest Perkins who had a hardware store on Dolores street at the time.

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Shirley Stoddard left Carmel last Sunday to go to San Francisco where she will continue with her treatments. Shirley will stay with her father, Harry L. Stoddard.

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The Carmel Cymal

ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1926

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

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CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Following is the average weekly
net paid circulation of THE CARMEL
CYMBAL for the past six
months:

February	485
March	566
April	609
May	647
June	677
July	809

The July average weekly net paid
circulation of THE CYMAL of 671
in the Carmel area (Carmel, Carmel
Highlands and Pebble Beach) is
far in excess of that of any other
Carmel newspaper.

Marlene Peninsula Premiere For Filmarte

The Filmarte Theater and Dick
Bare, its manager, are hanging up
another record in Peninsula film
annals. This time it is the Peninsula
premiere of the new Marlene Dietrich
and Robert Donat picture, "Knight
Without Armor." The story is taken
from the James Hilton novel of the
same name. It is a story of the love
of a beautiful Russian Countess for
a man of mystery from another world,
another creed, a "knight without armor,"
without the trappings of royalty.

This is Marlene Dietrich's first
British-made film. It was directed
by Jacques Feyder who directed one
of the high spots in last year's foreign
films, "Carnival in Flanders." Lazare
Meerson has done the lavish sets
for the Korda production and the
costumes are by Georges Benda,
famous for his "Benda" masks.

Frances Marion made the screen
adaptation of the Hilton novel. Hilton
seems to be good Hollywood material.
"Lost Horizon," by the same author,
has already established a box office record.

Tonight and Saturday night the
Filmarte presents Sylvia Sidney and
Henry Fonda in "You Only Live Once."
This much discussed film is the story
of a bandit and his girl who try to
escape but only succeed in getting
themselves more entangled with the
law wherever they go.

Katherine Smits, superintendent
of the Peninsula Community Hospital,
is entertaining Helen Gow of Lincoln,
Nebraska, while the latter is visiting
here for a week. Miss Gow came to
Carmel last Sunday.

DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

The reason for the great rivalry
among the young blades of the village
the last few days is that those two
attractive young ladies, the Misses
Mitzi and Pinkie Oppen, are staying
here for a short stay. They are with
their master, George Oppen, who is
visiting his daughter, Libby (columnist)
Ley. Pinkie, it seems, has had all sorts
of adventures since her last visit here.
She went to the Dog Show and carried
away first honors and was married
and had it annulled. (Pinkie is the one
with the butter-melt-in-her-mouth eyes
and the shy manner.) These two dachshunds,
trotting along at their master's heels,
are a procession in themselves.

Another dachshund of interest in
Fraulein Frieda, latest addition to the
Schoenberg menage at Del Monte. This
charming, brown-eyed youngster should
make an ideal pet because there is enough
of her for the whole Schoenberg family.

Young Geni den Eichen has returned
to the home of his mistress, Miss Elaine
Carter, after a short sojourn at the hospital
with a digestive disturbance. The "Black
Angel" over-indulged in "goodies" the
other afternoon with the usual results—a
tummy-ache and castor oil. Better luck
next time, Geni.

Zippy Larson, often seen about the
village with his little blond owner, Carol
Larson, is the happy ending to a charming
romance. Several years ago a dashing young
Easterner, Don Ameche, famous champion
shepherd, came to the Carmel Valley for
a short vacation. There he met with a pretty
little country girl named Zippie. It was
Spring, and they were young, so they fell
in love and were married and Zippy is
their son. He is handsome like his father
and has a sweet disposition like his mother.
He inherits so many of the best points
of each, in fact, that he gives promise
of being a better fellow than either of
them.

Fluff Jones is lonesome—oh very
lonesome indeed, for she misses her two
little playmates. One, her little mistress,
Phyllis Jones, has started back to school,
and the other, Wiggy, a white rat, has
moved from his cage out to the wood pile.
Fluff and Wiggy and Phyllis used to have
such good times playing together.

Every morning Fluff used to jump
on the table where Wiggy rat's cage was
kept to say "Good Morning." One day
Wiggy rat felt the call of Nature and
moved out to the wood pile and a bird was
put in Wiggy's cage. The next morning
Fluff jumped on the table to say "Good
Morning" to Wiggy and saw the occupant
of the cage.

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all decked out in feathers. She took
one long, puzzled look at the bird
and exclaimed, "My, how Wiggy
has changed!"

THE INJUSTICE OF IT ALL

I wish, now, I'd chewed those rub-
bers up
And cracked down again on that
sissy pup!
I could have chased their old stuck-
up cat,
And done a lot worse things than
that!

You'd think they'd consider how
good I've been,
But no—I've been spanked for an
awful sin
(It's something I'd rather not talk
about),
Because they forgot to put me out!

—MURIEL JARVIS

Another Thriller Opens at First Theater

Tonight at 8:40 the troupers of
the Gold Coast present the second
of their old-time productions "In
the Shadow of the Rockies" at the
First Theater on the corner of Pacific
and Scott streets in Monterey. A
double romance, a lost identity and
the possible (?) regeneration of a
drunken sot plus some good comedy
lines give only the slightest hint
of what the play will unfold to the
audience tonight.

The Olio should unfold a lot of
people out of their seats. The
"Hangtown Girls," with some slight
changes in the cast, is alone worth
the price of admission. Edith Anderson
will render a soprano solo and
when we say "render" we mean
tear note from note. Betty Carr
has a new Cowgirl Clog and also
sings "Tavern in the Town." Earle
Williams does some hot shuffling,
and Jerry Chance, who handles the
piano for the show, has written a
clever new act.

The cast includes Billy Shepard,
Patricia Lee, Grace Robertson,
Lloyd Weer, Harry Hedger, Gordon
Knowles, Bob Bratt, Fern Hyde
and Ross Miller, Earl Williams and
"Spud" Grey.

Remo Scardigli designed and
executed the very fine sets. Dene
Denny and Hazel Watrous, producing
managers, have another success
on their hands with "In the Shadow
of the Rockies." The play runs
through Monday night, September 6.

FUNERAL SERVICES HELD FOR WOLTER, ACCIDENT VICTIM

Funeral services were held Monday
for Gus Wolter, Carmel wood yard
owner. Wolter was the object of the
combined search of more than a
hundred local men and C.C. workers
when he was reported missing last
Wednesday morning. His body was
found at the foot of a cliff in Robinson
Canyon Friday morning and the death,
about which had hovered ideas of foul
play, was determined to be accidental.

Wolter had many relatives and
friends on the Peninsula.

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CARMEL CAPERS

It may be a little difficult for us
to sustain the lively tempo which
has hitherto distinguished our writing
because we have just spent several
strenuous days with our paternal
progenitor. You may have seen
him wandering about the village
accompanied by two small dogs
who appear to have him well in
tow. These two, being premeditated
acquisitions rather than un-
considered accidents of nature, he
strangely prefers to his somewhat
more human issue. And their re-
semblance to the family, though in-
creasing with association, is still
happily slight.

For further information concern-
ing dogs, we refer you to Jessie
Joan Brown. We are at present
concerned with explaining to our
ever-indulgent public that due to
the inroads made upon our vitality
by our father's visit, we are now
suffering more than the usual pangs
in bringing forth this column . . .
by the way, Lynda, any further en-
croachment on our ever-so-delicate-
ly obstetrical metaphors will be
looked upon as plagiaristic and un-
worthy of a fellow-craftsman.

Much to our own distress and
our dear editor's apathy, we have
great difficulty in keeping Phil Nes-
bitt out of our column (and we
mean that in a nice way). We
learn by his last letter that he is
now in Hollywood, doing big things
with Walt Disney. As a matter of
actual record, he is busy animating
elephants. When we say big things
. . . we mean, this Nesbitt fellow
is ambitious!

The Saturday night patrons of
the Bali Room had to struggle
through their paces without benefit
of the fine Nagel tenor because the
maestro is the victim of a very
nasty head cold which has almost
completely deprived him of his

usual argent voice; also of a barely
perceptible drop of his fine prin-
ciples because he was, in the inter-
ests of pure therapy, persuaded to
take a perceptible half ounce of
brandy.

Though our competitors appear
unduly confused, it seems to us a
fairly simple fact that Fran Conlan
and Happy Whyte are engaged to
be married. Fran's brother, Louis,
has as yet no wife, but quite an
air, they say.

Much can be done with paper
profits; the Zellerbachs have just
finished buying us out of house and
home thus converting a self-respect-
ing tenant into a homeless waif. We
understand the house is to be re-
christened "Zalo-By-The-Z."

—LIBBY LEY

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of the same
old things?

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CLANGING CYMBALS



(On Monday morning, early up and discovered a total absence of coffee in our larder. At our grocer's the vegetables were just arriving. They looked so fresh and so familiar to our country-bred eyes, that we went down to the Marble Ranch for the pure pleasure of seeing the earth at work again. That visit inspired this bit of reminiscing.)

This is essentially the story of a hill of potatoes and of how, making a great detour of the world, and after seeing many alien things, the spirit of this hill of potatoes came back to the patient earth again, greened in spots by too great exposure to the sun; rotted by damps; wrinkled and consumed, but still bearing some honorable seed for further harvest.

The brown young girl stirred in the feather bed and woke. Still, at this hour, the sun lay on some other earth-plain than hers; still her february face unfollowed on the pillow of time. When, hurriedly and lightly dressed, she put her bare feet to the cool morning earth waves of sentence passed through her like a new contacted power, so that she smelled the dew as if for the first time in the world and the whole voice of the new Spring was awakened. From the shredded old sill at the barn door she took a small sack of potatoes cut each into four pieces precisely in reference to the distribution of their eyes for seeding. She went to the waiting field; to the earth bare-bodied, waiting.

These potato cuttings her Father had given her and the long row of earth for them. She had helped prepare the way for planting; one day leading the great bay mare before the plough, the hot breath down her neck; one day underneath the bay's nose again, her bare feet in the rough dirt avoiding the iron shoes, walking the straight path for the harrow. Now she had come alone to the worship of the hope-full burial. Four pieces to a hill. Eyes up to the struggle. You may each have what you wish to plant, her Father had said to the children. You must tend it and harvest it; then you will get money for it.

Over her left shoulder the sun came up and everywhere the dew began to dry. Her red hands buried in the earth finding pleasure. The dry soil felt irritant and clean on her bare knees; small freckles came like inerascible flakes of earth on her face. All was good. Hoo... hoooo, Breakfast is ready. The young girl sat thoughtfully over her oatmeal. What were you doing up so early? It is fine in the morning, she said, smiling at her Mother. I planted my potatoes. It was really fine, out there alone.

She stood close by her Mother in the little pantry. Mary, she said, has a new dress for the party. I... I wish... Her Mother's face looked gravely down at the bread dough, her palms kneading carefully. The girl saw that the laughter lines had gone; two grooves between the eyes. It was always like that when Mary had a new dress and there was no money for one for herself. Mary's father gambled and put on airs. Things often went badly for the girl's Father, who did not like farming. The girl could not bear the grooves between her Mother's eyes. Teach me to knead the bread, she said quickly. I am

old enough.

Her Mother showed her and left her to work out the trick by herself. Her Mother knew she did things better alone. To be sure, scanning the undulant August hills, the rhythm of the palm and wrist came quickly. There were power and pride in her hands. She set the seven loaves on the drain board to rise. The laughing lines had come back into her Mother's face. I should think your potatoes were ready to dig, her Mother said. Go ask your Father.

When her Father said, Yes, she took a bushel basket from the barn floor and the big hoe from against the woodshed wall and went into the field. She had waited until milking time when the menfolks would have left the garden. She stood in the shadow of the Big Elm, waiting a moment, for what she could not say.

Then she braced her legs before the first sprawling dried plant and pulled with her strong hands.

Earth, you have done in your presence what no man does.
For where we sow a million seeds reaping one life,
naming subtraction,
you multiply.
The thing I gave you yesterday, committing faith,
today is the open portal
the door
the dream
the pale lone figure on the hill
the Word
the pain
the requiescent plain.
The other body of myself
in tears
in blood
All-asking, all-incessant, all-derived
from this your being
earth.

So they lay together by the dead roots of the old plant—the girl and the hill of potatoes. Long ago there had been miracles; she knew that. Now this; this wholly undeserved increment. This wealth. She had forgotten the sweat and pain of tending them, touching them one by one now and finding each precious. When she lifted her tear-stained brown face to the going sun, there was the first faint harrowing of life upon it.

The money was taken and a length of cloth purchased from the village store. It made a country girl's homely garment. But here and there, where the pattern had given a direction, the girl's deft fingers had altered it a bit so the dress had, though awkwardly, an air.

But at the party she suffered, being thought somewhat queer in her town. People-shy, she stood in a corner alone, eating a dish of ice cream. Her eyes lamented; when she had finished her ice, what should she do then? The boys were dancing with Mary, whose dress had been made by the village sempstress. Her lamentation dyed her eyes a calling hue, so that the diplomat who had a summer farm near her Father's came over and spoke politely, diplomatically. That's a pretty dress you have on.

Now the hill of potatoes has opened a door to womanhood, which springs full-panoplied out of such words as these.

I made it myself, she said eagerly, and told of the planting and harvesting; how, at night, she'd cut and sewed; how the piece of lace was from her Mother's graduation gown. You must not keep Mr. Grand like this, Mary's mother

smiled at the girl pityingly.

The girl ran home in the dark, alone; forgetting her hostess, her Aunt Martha, who had taken her there. She saw in the mirror, holding the kerosene lamp high, her young ugliness; her hair ridiculously frizzed; the dress too brown for her brownness; dark hairs on her lip. She wept desperately.

But the diplomat-neighbor, on his way to Washington in the morning, took her out of a pigeon-hole and scrutinized her as carefully as he would have gone over many weightier dossiers. He smiled. The homemade dress. The potatoes!

The long envelope from Washington had a crest on it. The girl and her Mother read it incredulously. When they cried about it, they cried separately, but for the same reason.

So in the fugitive time the long scroll unrolls oceans; battlements; beneath a white balcony, seas of human faces, raging; velvet and fine loin cloth; labor; child-death; the long vapors of the liquorish time from Prohibition to exhibition; from Death in the Afternoon to death in the dark night of unwarranted desire. Focussing eyes of desire; and greed. The tenuous tall cities. Powder and lipstick and the facile fingers shaping a mask for the brown face; rot on rot. Sick with forgetting. Ill to remember.

Forgotten, still the resurgent Earth in the recusant body manifests ever the Sacrifice and the Passion.

Earth neither remembers nor forgets.

So the brown girl, grown woman now and no longer brown because of the ministrations of Elizabeth Arden, stands today on another balcony and watches that other sea of faces, not hungry but of gluttony, go down to a deserved dust, dirtier than any dirt. American Can, down one and a quarter; down three quarters; down three. Where the mill of the human race is motionless down there on the floor—motionless in panic motion—one long white face like a white gorilla sickening, coughs violently and is carried away. Great God! Not Flickenstein! Every penny gone. His life's savings. (How many other lives' savings?) The woman, watching the flying white papers impetuously—do they think they are God to make a little blizzard?—feels the contempt of it.

Wealth, she says aloud. Do only I, here, know wealth? She looks at her manicured hands, but sees them red and grubby, grappling with earth. Sees a mound of soil, and on this hillock the perfect testimonials of all wealth: either wealth that is here or what is to come.

Her hands feel Samson-like. She feels this strength; that she could reach out and pull down the marble pillars of the Stock Exchange mercifully on these little men.

Now to the earth returning after uncharted absence.
Earth feeling
no absence;
unheeding.
Earth.

Over the forty arable acres of the Marble Ranch up the Carmel Valley two distinguished faces portend; the north-ward face of the Santa Lucias and the face of Mr. J. C. Anthony.

The woman stood in the warm rut of dark earth, holding a great green pepper to her cheek. Here was the earth again. She listened to the man, whose eyes, like her own, contained horizons farther

than the Palo Corona up there.

It is the thing to do, he said, watching his land as if he could see its systole and diastole. If anyone had told me a couple of years ago that I would get so interested in vegetables... Now I experiment and experiment. Take the corn borer, for instance. The ear worms are hatched every four to eight days, according to the weather. Well, it stands to reason that if every worm is sprayed before it has a chance to enter the ear, they will all die. So I spray with flucilate dust every four days. The other ranchers around say Anthony's a fool. But we get a hundred to a hundred and fifty sacks to the acre where they get as low as twenty-five.

The woman saw his lively blue eyes take in the gilding eucalyptus trees and come back to the tomato plants under their feet. In every tissue of her she was living again, feeling the goodness of lying there on the earth, stemmed and rooted with the earth. Culture, she said thoughtfully, the word-stem of worship. Agri-culture. In the warmth, beside this man who also knew, she heard the sonorous reading of life's dittology—of mental culture and earth culture. And joined the reading with her own voice again.

It's funny, she said, more to herself than to the man. I just remembered for the first time in years, a hill of potatoes I once grew.

—LYNDA SARGENT

BLACKIE O'NEAL PROGRESSES IN GETTING "TATTERS" PLACED IN RENO

Blackie O'Neal and Mary Henderson dropped into the First Theater for the dress rehearsal Wednesday night. Both of them liked the show and Mary saw some of the Olio acts for the first time as she has always been on the other side of the footlights before. Blackie has been in Reno trying to get a group together to play "Tatters" there. Somehow they can't seem to pick on a place to play the old melodrama. The place Blackie picked out has a very bad reputation, it seems, and the local Nevada impresarios are racking their brains for another. Blackie left yesterday for Los Angeles, but promises to be back soon.

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A Column About
Eating and Eaters

I'll take it all back—there is such a thing as a two-crust lemon pie! In response to my appeal for a recipe one was promptly sent in by Mrs. Rosalie Seville. Want to try it?

LEMON PIE—TWO CRUSTS

Make crust as for apple pie. Sprinkle 1/2-cup sugar on lower crust.

Grate the yellow part of one lemon over the sugar. Take off all the white peel of the lemon and do not use it as it makes a bitter taste. Slice the lemon very thin and lay the slices over the sugar.

Into 2/3-cup of cold water stir two heaping teaspoons of corn starch. Pour this over the lemon and add a lump of butter half the size of an egg. Cut it in small pieces and scatter over the lemon. Put on top crust. Trim with egg and dart moulding. Bake in a moderate oven.

And now we have school lunches to consider when we do our food shopping. It's not a bad idea, however, to let the school worry about it some of the time. For fifteen or twenty cents your child can obtain good and sufficient nourishment without your having to give it another thought.

Whenever I feel just a little deprecatory about my ardent interest in food, I reflect upon the comforting fact that I am in the midst of a colony of hearty eaters. Carmel must be the home of the hearty eaters, else why is there one grocery shop and half a meat market for every 280 residents? In other words, this little community of 2800 souls (souls which the outside world still persists in regarding as "artists and writers") supports ten fruit-and-vegetable-and-sugar dealers and five hamburger-and-lamb-chop dispensers. Oh yes, and a special chicken shop, the Sun Deck Poultry Market. But I didn't count that in because if I had I couldn't have said "half a meat market," rather a neat phrase. . . . Anyhow, it must mean something—either that Carmel is full of a lot of big appetites or a lot of merchants who think it is! However that may be, there's plenty of food in Carmel, whether you have plenty in your cooler or not.

Generosity with butter always makes me a friend of any eating place. Probably due to lingering memories of youth in a large family where natural thrift guided the butter knife and planted in our minds a lasting impression that gold is an appropriate color for butter. I get no fun out of eating in places where there is an extra charge for butter, or even for a second helping of it.

The connection between plenty of butter and having tea in the House of the Four Winds in Monterey might seem remote, but if you'd had their toasted English muffins simply dripping with delicious butter on which to spread your marmalade, you wouldn't wonder that I was more impressed by that feature of the tea than by the famous atmosphere of the old adobe building!

Of course you take it for granted that a good restaurant or tea room should serve clean food on clean dishes and immaculate table cloths. It's surprising, however, how often you'll find the menu

slips for the day in a cardboard cover whose decoration includes grease spots, fly specks and finger prints! If you've never eaten there you might feel just a little less hungry as you looked at that menu! No such jarring note in the Blue Bird Tea Room—fresh, spotless menu covers appear every day on the tables. Just one detail in a successful service to discriminating lovers of good food.

Most general statements can be shot full of holes, but here's one you can't upset very seriously: approximately 99 and 44-100 of the housewives who are responsible for providing their family's daily bread have one interest in common—food prices! Whether their favorite literature otherwise is the *Atlantic Monthly* or *True Stories* makes no earthly difference. To both it is of genuine and equal interest to know where they can get 10 pounds of sugar for 46 cents, juice oranges two dozen for 35 cents, and so on. Special sales of canned goods, special prices on meats, special offerings in vegetables. . . . a few cents here, a few cents there—not much in one day's order, perhaps, but what housewife doesn't keep in mind the inexorable fact that tomorrow is another day and another food order. After that come other tomorrows—each with its three meals to buy for!

Speaking of prices of food, this is one of the times of the year when I feel a homesick pang for New England. A letter from the extreme northeastern corner of Massachusetts (where I breathed my first breath and nibbled my first corn) says that seventeen cents buys a dozen of the best ears of Golden Bantam. And you can't tell me they are inferior in any way, shape or manner to the Carmel Valley ears which cost fifty cents a dozen here in town and thirty-five, if you drive up a few miles and get them from a roadside stand right at the ranch. I can't get quite used to thinking of corn in the luxury class.

One of the big magazines for women has in its current issue a set of week-end menus. In preparing these and reckoning the cost of the ingredients required, the editor collected prices from ten different sections of the country. The highest figures came from St. Louis, Missouri, while the lowest, glory be, in our own corner of the U. S. map, in Berkeley! Patriotic citizens of our southern metropolis are probably writing to the editor to inform her indignantly and proudly that Berkeley isn't representative of California in general and that food prices in and around Los Angeles are much lower than in and around San Francisco. Which, according to a week-end visitor who keeps house near L.A., is quite true.

Wonder why no one ever started a cafeteria in Carmel. It would seem as if it might be popular with the summer crowds and week-end visitors in other seasons. People here to enjoy the beach and sunshine (or fog) don't like to spend time shopping for food and then stay indoors cooking it. They often would like a simple, inexpensive lunch or dinner, such as you can get at a cafeteria because you can pick out a one-or-two dish repast instead of a full course meal which is served to you—and for which

service, naturally, you have to pay

Whatever else might in any remote possibility affect the mind of Myrna Loy, for instance, it won't be what unhinged that farmer's wife who hadn't been out of her kitchen for thirty years. Myrna apparently isn't on very intimate terms with her own culinary department, according to an incident told in a movie column recently. In the picture "Double Wedding" some of the scenes take place in a last-word-in-ultra-modern kitchen. The studio art director made a secret visit to Myrna Loy's new home and duplicated her kitchen for the set at the film studio. Everybody knew about the joke except Myrna and it was going to be lots of fun to watch Myrna's reactions when she stepped into her own cosy little kitchen. But—well, it turned out along the line of "a primrose by the river's brim a yellow primrose was to him, and it was nothing more." The only fun they're getting out of it is in razzing Myrna for not recognizing the layout.

We had a delicious dish of scalloped oysters at our house the other night for dinner. Of course, we were flying in the face of providence and all our early training eating oysters in a month without the magic R! And they weren't canned oysters either. They were Birds Eye Frosted fresh oysters! And they taste just like oysters right out of the shell. For the same meal we had Birds Eye peas! Huge green fresh peas with that particular flavor only new peas have. They come all shelled, of course, ready to cook—and every pea is perfect. . . . It's a new process, this Birds Eye business, a quick-frosting method quite different from the old slow-frozen foods of the past.

The feature that appeals to the canny housewife, who likes to cut down time necessary for preparing meals, is the fact that all the Birds Eye Foods are ready for immediate action—all the excess bone and fat are trimmed off the meat, no skin and bones in the fish, no insides with the chicken, no hulls or stems with the fruit, vegetables cleaned and peeled or cut—in short, all the dirty work has been done for you and you pay for only the usable food! . . . If you want to keep up with the latest Helps for Hurrying Housewives, don't overlook the Birds Eye Foods!

Oh-oh! Stop the presses, here's another two-crust lemon pie recipe! It is signed "From the 'Boston Cook Book,'" but it must be either in an old issue of Fanny's perennial-appearing opus or one later than the copy I have, which is the 1931

edition. What I privately believe is that two-crust lemon pie has probably been high-hatted from the Common side of Beacon Hill over into the more plebeian residential section and as a result has naturally been dropped from the exclusive pages of the famous cook book. Anyhow, here's another recipe for you to try.

TWO-CRUST LEMON PIE No. 2

Mix one heaping tablespoonful of cornstarch with one cup of sugar. Add one cup (scant) of boiling water and boil 5 minutes. Add 1 tablespoonful of butter, juice of 1 large lemon and 1 egg well beaten. Bake between 2 crusts.

—CONSTANT EATER

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Sunset School Settles Down To Year's Run

(Continued from Page One)

hundred children, under the watchful eye of several teachers, will choose a balanced diet and go with their trays to the big lunch room or to the tables outside.

Mrs. Poulsen comes from Santa Rosa. She is a graduate of the Uni-

versity of Washington in the home economics department. In Santa Rosa she taught in high school and in the continuation classes. She will have one class in Foods at Sunset besides the supervision of the cafeteria. There were twice as many students desiring work in kitchen and home management this semester as there were last year and some of them have been disappointed.

One of the innovations in the cafeteria is the "mail box" for suggestions from children, teachers and parents alike. Menus, constructive criticism of the work being done and any ideas that would develop the interest of the child and help the functioning of the cafeteria are welcome. Mrs. Poulsen spoke to us about the campaign to help the children drink more water. The school has bought extra glasses and colorful posters have been placed in the room to instill the idea into small heads. Every dish served in the cafeteria is five cents and one small tot looked longingly at the water on the first day and asked, "Is it free?"

The enthusiasm of these two teachers and the rest of the faculty for the work of the coming year means that again our own Sunset School will rank with the best in the state.

+ + +

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS go places, do things and see all sorts of people.

Three Councilmen, Targets of Recall, Repudiate Thoburn's Apology

(Continued from Page One)

member of the council will freely admit that."

NO CONCURRENCE

But "any member of the council" does not "freely admit" it. In fact, if we accept the statement made by the three, designed to be placed on the recall ballot, they diametrically oppose freely admitting anything of the sort. In that official reply to the recall charges they state that no act of theirs is justifiably open to censure; that they have been correct in all things and, it is indicated, they intend to continue the policy they appear to have adopted—the policy which comes under the category of Colonel Vanderbilt's alleged deft: "The public be damned."

True, at meetings of the council since the recall proceedings were instituted, there has been a change in the attitude of the council as a whole in the manner in which the persons in the lobby is concerned, but this new attitude has, on analysis, been expressed by Councilman Clara Kellogg principally and it has been she almost entirely who has created an atmosphere to which the three recall councilmen have grudgingly contributed.

HE MISSES POINT

The rest of Thoburn's statement is an explanation of the methods by which the council, as far as he knows and is concerned, has been operating. He believes in the private caucus idea and declares it has been effective in keeping council meetings from being an "unholy show." But he misses the point at which it has been evident to those who have seen and have heard Councilman Bernard Rowntree has been driving, aided and abetted by Mayor Smith and Joe Burge. That point is the point of silent, dogged control of municipal government, both the machinery and the manner of running it dictated by Rowntree and serving, not his selfish ends, but misguided and mistaken ends leading to an autocratic control of municipal affairs.

It is plainly Rowntree's idea that he knows, better than anyone else, how the city should be run and that it should be run without any interference from the people whose city it is, and with no countenancing of criticism by those people. By his very admission of "error," Thoburn shows that he realizes what has been going on in Rowntree's

mind and what Rowntree has been able to do with the minds of the two other councilmen who have been following as he has led.

It is this policy, as demonstrated by the manner in which Argyll Campbell was forced to resign as city attorney, as demonstrated by the employment of George Ross for "special services" in May while Campbell was still city attorney and, as far as he knew himself, in good standing with the council members; as demonstrated by the refusal of Rowntree, and hence by the other two councilmen, to accept opinions of the city attorney that were contrary to his personal opinions and, particularly, to his desires in furtherance of his dominating policy.

For Thoburn to heap encomiums on his brother members of the council is a laudable gesture and shows a spirit of loyalty for which he should be praised, but kind words do not explain away the actions of Smith, Rowntree and Burge or make the policy which they have been pursuing and seemed determined to continue to pursue any less inimical to the best interests of the city.

However, if praise is to be bestowed permit us to bestow it on Thoburn for his frank and, which is more to the point, human statement. It is regrettable that the pith of what he says, the apology for past acts and the promise of reform, is not concurred in by the objects of the recall movement. Thoburn has been big enough, and honest enough to admit errors to which he has been a party. It is not, nevertheless, because of their lack of bigness and honesty in this that we impeach the three councilmen. Weakness of moral fibre such as this may not contribute too much to bad government. But this weakness only accentuates, in fact, manifests, a determination to go on as they have been going, and that spells trouble for Carmel and for those who are paying out their tax money to make it a better and happier place in which to live.

As for Thoburn's epithet, "howling wolves," it has never been exactly determined why wolves howl. The root of their troubles may be as deep and understandable as is that of the proponents of the present recall movement. —W. K. B.

+ + +

Impressive Rites Honor Serra

Last Sunday afternoon at the Carmel Mission, the cell, in which Father Junipero Serra lived and died, was blessed and dedicated with solemn ceremonies. This was the 153rd anniversary of the death of the padre-colonizer and a large gathering of pilgrims and church dignitaries joined in the ceremonies dedicated to his memory. On this day was also begun the movement

Psychology Group Starts Whatever It Does Monday

So pack up your troubles and take them to Katherine Nelson at Sunset School on Monday evening at 7:30, where the discussion group on Everyday Psychology will reconvene for the season. The meetings will take place, for the present at least, in the Art Room, which is at the far south end of the building.

Mrs. Nelson would appreciate it if you would mail her a postal card announcing your intention to attend the meetings. This will help her to plan her lectures.

For the benefit of those of you who were not here last year, the group discussions on Everyday Psychology are just that. Mrs. Nelson, a qualified psychologist, takes your individual problems, and those of general interest, and without any fancy quirks tries to help you see them in a sensible and resolvable light.

Any little left-overs of Superiority Complex, Schizophrenia or Simple Bifurcation that you find about the house you are asked to bring along toward the common fund. These little things are what make the gatherings so jolly.

+ + +

Bodley To Talk On Labor This Sunday

The Rev. Homer S. Bodley, Jr., pastor of the Community Church, would especially like the men and women who work with their hands in and around Carmel to come to his church this Sunday morning and listen to what he has to say. There is nothing surprising about a minister deciding to preach something of a Labor Day sermon on the Sunday before Labor Day, but it is possible that Mr. Bodley will handle his subject in a more than ordinary manner. When he dropped into THE CYMBAL office this week to ask our aid in drawing the working people into his church Sunday, he gave us the following list of questions he would endeavor to answer from the pulpit:

"Has religion become the philosophy of the upper classes?"

"Can labor movements be classed as communistic?"

"What makes a man religious?"

"What will religion contribute to the working man?"

We'd have difficulty answering any one of those questions. We admire the courage of a man who will attempt all four.

for making the padre a Saint.

The Very Rev. Augustin Hobrecht, O.F.M., pastor of Santa Barbara Mission, spoke at the 11 o'clock service on the life of Serra and the significance of the work he accomplished in California and the new world. Father Michael D. O'Connell celebrated solemn high mass at the morning service aided by the Rev. Peter Santi, the Rev. E. E. McDonald, the Rev. Clement Higgins and John Doyle.

Noel Sullivan directed the men's choir and at the close of the service Excelentissima Maria Antonia Field laid a wreath on the padre's grave.

After the blessing of the cell the group gathered in the church grounds under the American flag, the royal Spanish flag of early California and the papal flag, and Miss Field spoke on the restoration work which has been carried on at the Mission under the direction of Harry Downie. Captain Antonio Martin and Jose Alonso spoke on the influence of Spanish culture in California.

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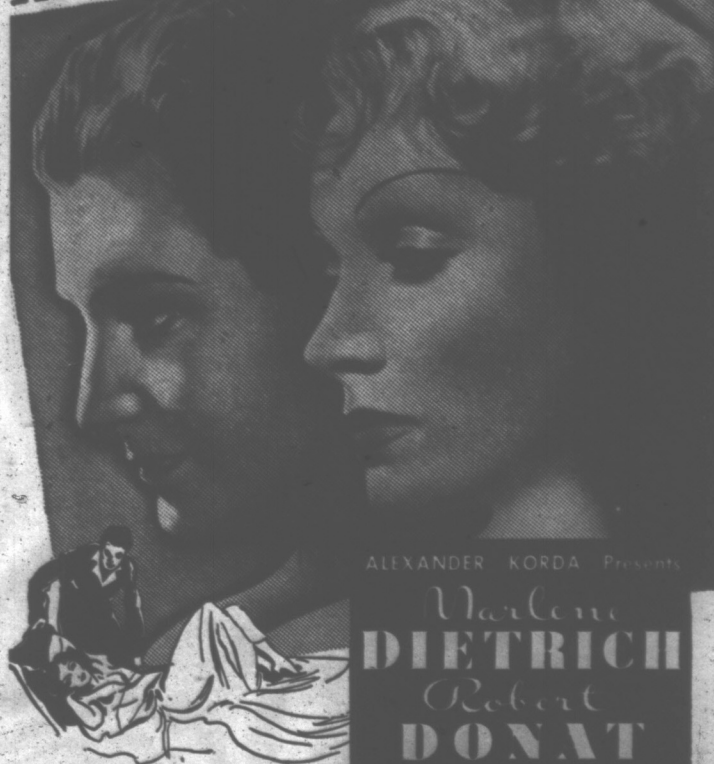
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POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

Those great elk in Pebble Beach are the wild animals which today scare the residents in that area who are unable, by the same token, to put up with an ant in their coffee now and then.

Too bad for them those bootleggers in Maine don't need a herd of elk at this moment to hide their importations of grain. A story lingers in the popular lore that it was part of the Pebble Beach herd that was shipped east to die of cold and starvation, at the behest of bootleggers who needed a blind for their operations.

It is recalled that elk ranged the blustery headland of Point Reyes and cowboys made great sport of them until the stragglers were shipped away to a mountain reserve, up Trinity way.

Presumably the Pebble Beach herd is not the last bunch of elk, but at any rate they form a beautiful group to be discovered now and then ranging the pine forests.

Of course, we all know who it is don't like those elk. It's the golfers, who just get madder than all Hades when a ball drops where an elk hoof has pitted the green fairway.

But as for being dangerous, why I've stalked those elk myself in a friendly way, and found them quite unapproachable. Not a grassy bribe or a suggestive word would lure them from their aloof attitude to mere man.

Commander Lukens, of the hydrographic and coast geodetic survey, recently spoke before Monterey's waterfront committee. Unlucky commander! He sized up his audience as a bunch of chamber of commerce buddies and gave them a stereotyped address that he thought they would expect, or else reports of that address as reported in the *Herald* were very erroneous.

The commander saw Monterey as a fine pleasure land for the tired businessman, and forgot it was one of the three biggest fishing ports in the whole world, the other two being the joint ports of Hull and Grimsby, on the Humber, in England, and Stanagver, in Norway.

He forecast a vanishing fish industry not consistent with the facts and figures in the case, as last year's reports showed the value of Monterey's sardine landings surpassed any previous year, and this spring's salmon fishing surpassed anything for many years. Two years ago the albacore landings represented earnings of thousands of dollars to

Monterey men.

Over the radio, the commander did better by himself, however, and gave a resume of the interesting history of the coast geodetic survey in seamanlike fashion.

Just one of the many deep sea fisheries of Monterey Bay has vanished, or reached a temporary vanishing point last week, when California's whaling fleet tied up to a Pedro dock. The reduction ship *California* and its two killer vessels, *Hawk* and *Sanders*, are at rest, their crews paid off, no more to kill and cast carcasses ashore to rot and feed the gulls.

Not so many years ago Moss Landing was one of the last surviving shore whaling stations, and the stench followed the winds for miles into the Salinas valley.

Once upon a time Point Lobos cove was a base of operations, going back a century, and Henry Morales, who delivers your wood from Keith Evans' yard, springs of the whale killers who used to set out in a twenty-two whale boat from the cove whenever a blow was sighted from Whalers' Knoll.

Just to show we are not sleeping on the job, let us here put in our protest against blasting away the waterfall on the south fork on the Sur river which drops into a beautiful pool where swimmers find a pleasant and cool bathing place.

The Fish and Game commission, in line with their program of pleasing the sportsman who pays the taxes which buy their handsome uniforms so they may proceed more successfully in their sport of lady-killing, have formally applied to the State Park Commission to have the "obstacle" removed.

Reason: So that a few miles more of stream may be opened to the fishermen!

I am busy this week writing an application, as a sportsman, to have an escalator placed besides the Sur so I may be taken at my ease to drop a fly here and there into the shady pools where lurk the steel-head. I am very busy writing this application.

Questions to test the "intelligence" of our readers:

1. What Carmel lady kicked a skunk last spring with obvious results? Clues: This lady has several children; moved away; now leaves skunks alone.

2. What Carmel man was recently visited by an official from Washington especially to check on his connection with the Communist Party? Clues: They enjoyed cocktails at Whitney's; visited an Oakland minister who furnished the tip-off; laughed it off.

3. What Carmel artist painted the picture used for a cover on a motorcycle cops' convention program? Clues: Lives in a stone house; married; shops in Monterey.

4. Why did Phil Nesbitt fail to turn up at a beauty contest last week? Clues: See Phil.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar A. Collins (Mary Jane Nielson) are spending their honeymoon in Carmel. They were married August 16 at San Carlos Mission.

Federal Art Gallery Exhibit's Present Colorful Display a Welcome One

After a month of black and whites on display at the Federal Art Gallery in the Seven Arts Court on Lincoln near Ocean, the present colorful selection seems quite welcome.

Ernst Stolz has a pastel called "Lake Merritt" which is quite different from the watercolors he has had in the Gallery before. Where the others were brilliant, with wide strokes, very slash-bang work, this one is quite carefully executed. There is a foreshortened composition which reminded us again that Stolz came to this country with the master, Hans Hoffman. No matter how fine the work of the student, if he once studied with Hoffman it seems to linger and is almost immediately recognized.

Three watercolors of ducks by Michael Chepourkoff, an artist new to the local gallery, are lively in color and representation. Decorative rather than realistic, they seem to have been painted from wooden decoys rather than from life.

For good clean painting in the modern trend of watercolors, which calls for a great deal of white space or its equivalent, we will take three out of the group for top honors: Dong Kingman's landscape, Andre Rexroth's "Boat," which is above the fireplace, and Farwell Taylor's "Yellow Trees" (in spite of the fact that the trees are green, several different shades of green, and no yellow to them except in the mixing of the colors). Kingman's composition is unusually fine and his dull tones are pleasing and alive. Andre Rexroth's boat is clear and clean. Her other painting of a rather posterish landscape seems a bit sketchy by comparison, although the idea is good. Miss Rexroth has received national recognition of her work in one of the New York Federal Art Exhibits.

Two modernistic block compositions of Hilaire Hiler called "Comedy" and "Tragedy" are excellent in their feeling for line and form. They are perhaps the most interesting in the entire show and well worth studying for as long a time as you can spare them. Things begin to develop in the composition as you look at the two plates and they are two of the most intelligible of this style of representation that we have seen for a long time.

John Haley has a very fine painting of a garage. The ramps and the use of color make a very satisfactory composition. Herman Volz' picture, "Boats," is harsh in color and there is a distracting jagged red line running over the top of the layout which could well be removed. Robert Spray has a "Street

Scene" which we thought rather weak. The color treatment and the brush work is arrested and spotty. Sergey Scherbakoff has another of his typically finely drawn landscapes. There is a delicate oriental flair to Scherbakoff's work. John Holland is poorly represented by one of his earlier paintings, a very messy job which should be put in the discard. Some of the more recent Hollands are quite good.

An oil by Barbara Stevenson, now in the Gallery, further exemplifies the remarkable progress this girl is making in her painting. The colors are warm and earthy. The composition rounds itself out with strength and tenderness into a completed whole. Miss Stevenson, by her own technique, makes her colors come from within the canvas. We should like to see her do at least one mural for the City of Carmel so that this city might always have something of her work. To say that she will "go far" is to say nothing. If recognition comes where recognition is due we may say so, but how often this does not happen. Suffice it to say that the girl is good and the better the person who sees it now.

—VIRGINIA SCARDIGLI

DR. JANET MCGOVERN SEEKS NEWS OF SON IN CHINA

Dr. Janet McGovern, noted anthropologist who has been living in Carmel for the past few months, left for San Francisco yesterday in an effort to locate the whereabouts of her son who left this country in June to go to China. He was headed for Shanghai and also planned to go into the interior to study economic conditions. He is on the Political Science faculty of Northwestern and the University of Chicago. Dr. McGovern hopes to be able to make some contact through the American consul in Shanghai.

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City To Erect "Stop" Signs To Protect Sunset Pupils on San Carlos Street

(Continued from Page One)
no uncertain terms that on one or two of these specified times it would be well-nigh impossible to spare a man for this duty. The chief's

statement was received in silence and as the matter was being closed, Commissioner Burge virtually gave Hanke to understand that the uniformed policeman would be provided. Hanke specifically asked if he could carry this assurance back to the trustees and to the Parent-Teacher Association. When pinned down, Burge said finally: "We will do everything possible to cooperate."

Throughout the entire discussion it was evident that the council was as one in considering the increasing traffic on San Carlos street, resulting from the opening of the San Simeon highway, as very much of a menace to the safety of the Sunset School pupils. That something should be done to relieve the situation appeared apparent to everyone concerned.

As for school policing, as has been the custom in the past, Hanke emphatically declared that this was hereafter out.

"We do not consider it safe, and in fairness to the parents of our children we have determined not to continue it," said Hanke. "We have not the right to jeopardize the lives of boys from 10, 11 and 12 years old by placing them out in the middle of that highway. We will not do it in the future."

Eugene A. H. Watson offered the overhead-pass suggestion for the council's consideration. He said that it could be made a temporary structure and removed when the logical artery, Junipero street, was opened for the through traffic from the San Simeon highway.

All who spoke on the subject agreed that the Coast highway traffic on San Carlos street had grown to larger proportions than had been expected or feared.

Morris Ankrum, well known in Carmel theatricals through his work with Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous and with Ted Kuster, will take the part of the Messenger in Sophocles' "Electra" at the Greek Theater in Berkeley, September 18. The title role will be played by Blanche Yurka, and Hedwiga Reicher will be Clytemnestra. Carol Veazie, also known in Carmel, will be the Leader of the Chorus.

Ankrum has been with the Pasadena Community Playhouse and has recently been given a Hollywood contract because of his work in the radio broadcast of "Julius Caesar" over the Columbia Broadcasting network.

THINGS TO COME



MOTION PICTURES

Filmarte. Monte Verde between Eighth and Ninth. Two performances at 7 and 9 p.m. Matinees Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday at 2:30. Tonight and Saturday, Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda in "You Only Live Once." Starting Sunday, Marlene Dietrich and Robert Donat in "Knight Without Armor," a Peninsula premiere.

Carmel Theater. Ocean and Mission. Tonight, George Brent and Anita Louise in "The Go-Getter" and Laurel and Hardy and Patsy Kelly in "Pick A Star." Saturday, Lloyd Nolan and Claire Trevor in "King of Gamblers" and Robert Montgomery and Marion Davies in "Ever Since Eve." Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, Freddie Bartholomew and Mickey Rooney in "Captains Courageous." Wednesday, Jane Darwell and Sally Blane in "Great Hospital Mystery" and bank night. Thursday and Friday, Bob Burns and Martha Raye in "Mountain Music," and Lew Ayres and Ruth Coleman in "The Crime Nobody Saw."

DRAMA

First Theater in Monterey. Corner of Pacific and Scott. Denny Watrous Management presents the second of their old-time melodrama revivals, "In the Shadow of the Rockies," and a new olio including some of the established favorites, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, September 3, 4, 5, 6. Tickets at Thoburns in Carmel and Lial's and the Palace Drug in Monterey.

ART CLASSES

Sketch classes every Monday evening 7:30 to 9:30 at Stove Pipe Shack in back of the Carmel Art Association Gallery on Dolores between Fifth and Sixth. No instruction. No visitors. Anyone interested in two hours sketching from a model is invited to the sessions.

SHAKESPEAREAN READING

Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock at the Girl Scout House, corner of Lincoln and Sixth. Group readings of Shakespearean plays, act by act, with a final public reading. Visitors and readers welcome. A fee of 10 cents is made to defray expenses of the group. "Othello" is being read at present.

CHESS

Regular meeting of the Chess Club tonight at 8 o'clock at the Manzanita Club on Dolores street. All interested in the game are invited to join.

CAMERA CLUB

Meets the second Tuesday in every month at Pine Inn. Any camera addict should be interested in the group work. See Peter Burk at Carmel Drug or Lloyd Weer at the P. G. & E. office.



THIS LIGHT DIMMING LAW FOR CARS IS GOOD ONE

The latest law enacted for the benefit of auto drivers sounds like a good one. All motorists are now required to dim their lights to a passing vehicle as soon as they come within 500 feet of the other car and until after the two cars have passed. This was put in effect in the hope of cutting down on night-driving accidents caused by temporary blindness from glaring headlights.

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PEBBLE BEACH one and 1/2 acres in exclusive location beautifully wooded—distant view of the ocean—owner needs action. \$1,250 will take it today. See THOBURNS, across from the Library.

SMALL HOTEL Near beach. Lot, 90 x 100. Address P. O. Box 1985, Carmel, or call Carmel 82 for particulars.

FOR SALE—The ideal house for a large family or paying guests. Completely furnished, 2 lots, most attractive, central heat. Everything to start housekeeping. 6 bedrooms. Very worth while looking into. GLADYS R. JOHNSTON, Realtor. Ocean and Lincoln. Phone 98.

HOUSES TO RENT

THIS IS A LOVELY PLACE to live. It's for rent by the year. It's one block from the ocean and a specially nice part of the ocean, where it laps the shore at Carmel. It has a living room, two bedrooms, a kitchen and bath, a beautiful garden and a walled patio. You can have it furnished, or all cleared out to welcome your furniture. Telephone Carmel 368-M about it.

FOR RENT for six months or longer, two bedroom house on Scenic Drive. Excellent heating equipment, garage, etc. Reasonable rent to responsible tenants. P. O. Box 222, Carmel. (H)

HOW ABOUT THIS? A delightful bit of Carmel atmosphere (the kind that's fast fading away), a real, old (yet new as to comfort and conveniences) Carmel home of two bedrooms—in the pines with a bird bath just outside the French windows. Secluded and quiet, but less than a jiffy from the post office and the best public school in California. For lease or sale. Write P. O. Box 822 to see it.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

FOR RENT—comfortable furnished apartment—close in. Address Box L-13, Cymbal office, Carmel. (13)

PLACE TO LIVE WANTED

WANTED FOR TWO PEOPLE, in 80 Acres or that vicinity, rustic house with one or two bedrooms, good closet room. Prospective tenant has an upright piano, a couch and one or two other articles of furniture that need accommodation. For long term if possible. Reasonable rent. Phone 1017-J before 8:30 a.m. or between 5 and 6 in the evening.

HAVE YOU a small cottage with a bit of atmosphere, to rent for a modest sum to a self-respecting, law-abiding, permanent resident, who has a few Lanes and Penates to make a home for herself? If so, please drop a card to Box KK, Carmel.

HELP WANTED

Male or Female

LIBERAL COMMISSIONS on fast-selling necessities having the Good Housekeeping Guarantee. Full or part time. Permanent. Repeats. Customer Satisfaction. Puro Sales Co., Box 560, Ojai, Cal.

WANTED—Willing, attractive girl for tea-room work. Permanent. Phone 931.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

LOAN of \$1000 wanted for Carmel business. Principal and generous bonus returned within 60 days. Would consider partnership with right party. Strictest investigation invited. Box 961, Carmel.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

FOR GOOD BUYS in Musical Instruments, Pianos and Radios, see the MUSICAL APPLIANCE COMPANY, 523 S. Main Street, Salinas. Phone Salinas 1095. (H)

MASSAGE

IDA HANKE, MASSEUSE, has moved from La Giralda Building to the corner of 8th and Lincoln street, at Sutton Place. Phone 832 for appointment. Will go out on calls at any time.

SWEDISH MASSEUR, Graduate of the Gothenburg Gymnastical Institute, gives home treatments. For appointment phone Carmel 886-R. (12)

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—Elderly lady or woman needing some care, to share quiet home. Breakfast given if desired. Phone 832.

A YOUNG MAN, experienced driver, would drive car to Seattle, for transportation. Inquire at Carmel Greyhound Office. Phone 40.

FOR SALE at greatly reduced price—a 5 1/2 cubic foot, all porcelain Frigidaire. It has been reconditioned and is as good as new. See Belvail Electric Shop, Carmel Theatre Building, Ocean Ave. Phone 1040.

TRY MME. PIRENNE'S fresh berry jelly at Sun Deck Poultry shop on 7th Street. Ask your grocer for Amber Marmalade or telephone order. Mme. Pirenne 354-W.

BRIDGE LESSONS. Culbertson system. Make appointment by telephoning Carmel 1165. Mariop Karr.

WOULD GIVE nine months' rent of an apartment in exchange for the building of a sun porch and shower. Address Box L-14, Cymbal office, Carmel. (13)

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PARK BOARD GETS DUBIOUS HELP AS COUNCIL SETS TAX; FOREST THEATER PLANS DOUBTFUL; NEW POLICEMAN IS THREAT

(Continued from Page One)

ed up in pieces and carted away long before this. He cited the fact that most of the lobby of La Playa Hotel was so picked up and carted off not long ago in just this wise. It wasn't such a good point, because the La Playa affair took place while Mr. Norton and his stalwarts, or some of them, were drawing down police pay. We see no reason why Robert should get a medal for standing guard at Pine Inn and saying to hell with La Playa.

Even our brother-in-arms Winsor Josselyn stood up and tossed in a few American Beauties. But his reason for saying it with flowers amused us. He said the reason he knew there was no crime or anything in Carmel because he heard nothing about it from the police. We could tell him that when a suicide occurred not long ago at a local hotel the word first came back to Carmel as news by telephone that night out of the San Francisco Chronicle office. They wanted to verify an address. And was our face red?

No, Robert isn't telling anybody what happens—when it happens—but for two weeks thereafter he was bothering everybody on Ocean avenue trying to show them unpleasant pictures of the suicide as she was first discovered.

SUGGESTS SURVEY

Thelma Miller suggested that it might be a good idea to have some one schooled in police work and police efficiency come down here and survey our police department. Miss Kellogg thought that might be a good idea. And whether Mrs. Miller is willing to admit it or not, we have a sneaking feeling that she had in mind the police efficiency of individual members of the department.

But nothing was done about reducing the police expenses unless it was Burge's threat that another policeman would be put on next summer.

One other little word was interjected into the tax discussion Monday night. It is a word that is anathema to the members of the council, and well it might be.

Drainage!

Last late winter, the council received at every meeting a million, more or less, protests from property owners about wandering, chortling, gurgling, rushing and plainly abandoned water assaulting them on all sides, washing their rock walls away, carrying their real estate over to somebody else's property and tearing up the streets in front of their homes so that they couldn't get to work, or, having got to work, couldn't get home to dinner or bed.

Was anything done about it? Not a thing. Oh yes, Councilman Thoburn was instructed to obtain the services of an engineer to provide the city with a drainage survey and plan for rectifying the situation once and for all. Mr. Thoburn reported back with laudable speed

that he had obtained the services of Mr. Cozzens and that Mr. Cozzens would give him all the data within two weeks. That was last February or March. Mr. Thoburn told us this week that he hadn't yet heard from Mr. Cozzens. Maybe he's dead.

So, this next late winter, the million, more or less, letters will come jauntily in and two-thirds of every council meeting will be consumed in discussing drainage. That will continue until the rains start, and Spring is so bright and cheerful in the air that the washed-out property owners will begin to forget. The human faculty to forget is all that saves the Carmel city council, this one, the last one, the one before and the one before that from going completely and starkly drain-age mad.

+ + +

Women's League Starts Winter Sessions

At the lovely home of Miss Lydia Weld, president, the Board of the Monterey County League of Women Voters held its first meeting of the season Wednesday afternoon.

Leading item of importance was the selection of Miss Beatrice Goldman to inaugurate the year's luncheon meetings by speaking at Pine Inn September 22 on "Danger Spots and Centers of International Tension." Miss Goldman led a round table group at the Mills College Institute this summer and comes highly reputed.

Delegates to the Northern Conference of the League to be held in San Francisco October 15 were chosen. They are: Miss Weld, Mrs. C. A. T. Cavendish, Mrs. Ritter Holman, Mrs. Guy Curtis and Mrs. Dorothy Chapman.

Specific agenda comprising this year's program will wait upon the formation of State and National plans. With local, national and international crises piling up daily, this promises to be a year of work. One problem Miss Weld says this branch of the League will go after hammer and tongs is that of government personnel. The meeting Wednesday turned into an indignation meeting about the way the 75th Congress has handled patronage and civil service.

A revision of the now-famous Chart of County Government will bring this important document up to date.

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Nearly Everyone of Note Represented On Carmel Art Gallery Walls

The new board and Janie Otto have succeeded by some sort of legerdemain in skimming off the cream from our Art Association and decorating the walls of the Gallery with it. To drop a silly metaphor, nearly everyone of note is there, and others besides, and all in the rich and varied dress of rich and varied moods, metiers and men. From young William Irwin's "Form in Confusion"—where form is a clean, contemporary coloring and confusion a clean, contemporary form—to the rich mysticism of Armin Hansen's "Footsteps of the Fathers" there is a range of pure interest in the September show at the Art Gallery not equalled in our acquaintance with this association.

In part—but not primarily—because they are new and make a story, "Swing Low Sweet Chariot" by Marjorie Wintermute and Katherine Patton's "Negro Children Singing" are focal points in the show. Miss Wintermute's canvas of a negro woman—loaned for this month by The Legion of Honor—is the speaking heart of the negro; muted, mysterious, compassionate. The young artist has just been accepted as the latest member of the Carmel association. Her portrait-study is excellent painting.

Katharine Patton, at one time in the employ of the Wintermute family has, in her "Negro Children Singing" produced a document of her own race that is sui generis in our experience. Valid in form, composition and those so-miscalled old-fashioned criteria of art, she has yet arrived at what seems to us an abstraction in a special sense. And for color one goes to God and the negro.

For decoration, there are O'Shea's "Dahlias." For going to sea in ships, a Ritschel—good painting, too. Leslie Wulff has a small clean marine. Julie Stohr some dogs that rather haunt. And why was Ada Belle Champlin's "Santa Lucia Range" put like a dunce that it is not, away over there in the corner?

The introduction of a pathogenic note in Roberta Balfour's "Portrait on Point Lobos" seems to us to add interest to the show; diversion, perhaps. After having viewed with intensest interest and for hours on

end the Fantastic Art exhibition in San Francisco recently, and being, ourselves, sympathetic to the contemporary movements, we welcome a relief from the more conventional forms. Not that we think Miss Balfour quite brings off anything in her picture, but we take occasion to make the point.

We personally were very cheered by Mr. Irwin's "Squally Coast" just as, for quite different reasons, Burton Boundey's "Blue and Gold" gave us a lift into the blue.

On the whole, we reserve further comment on specific pictures because there is only one way to see a picture and that is to go and look at it. There is some negligible work on the walls; a little that seemed bad. But, above all, it is an interesting exhibition, and one for which the new board and the new curator should be given a deal of credit.

—LYNDA SARGENT

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Del Monte Plans Dance To Mark Labor Day

Hotel Del Monte is going to bring in Labor Day—dancing.

On Sunday evening, in the Bali Room in Mr. Morse's hotel, operated by Mr. Stanley, a dinner dance

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